in the walk of man; but they would be more reſpectable members of ſociety, and diſcharge the important duties of life by the light of their own reaſon. 'Educate women like men,' ſays Rouſſeau, 'and the more they 'reſemble our ſex the leſs power will they 'have over us.' This is the very point I aim at. I do not wiſh them to have power over men; but over themſelves.

In the ſame ſtrain have I heard men argue againſt inſtructing the poor; for many are the forms that ariſtocracy aſſumes. 'Teach 'them to read and write,' ſay they, 'and 'you take them out of the ſtation aſſigned 'them by nature.' An eloquent Frenchman has anſwered them, I will borrow his ſentiments. But they know not, when they make man a brute, that they may expect every inſtant to ſee him transformed into a ferocious beaſt. Without knowledge there can be no morality!

Ignorance is a frail baſe for virtue! Yet, that it is the condition for which woman was organized, has been inſiſted upon by the writers who have moſt vehemently argued in favour of the ſuperiority of man; a ſuperiority not in degree, but eſſence; though,

to ſoften the argument, they have laboured to prove, with chivalrous generoſity, that the ſexes ought not to be compared; man was made to reaſon, woman to feel: and that together, fleſh and ſpirit, they make the moſt perfect whole, by blending happily reaſon and ſenſibility into one character.

And what is ſenſibility? 'Quickneſs of ſen-'ſation; quickneſs of perception; delicacy.' Thus is it defined by Dr. Johnſon; and the definition gives me no other idea than of the moſt exquiſitely poliſhed inſtinct. I diſcern not a trace of the image of God in either ſenſation or matter. Refined ſeventy times ſeven, they are ſtill material; intellect dwells not there; nor will fire ever make lead gold!

I come round to my old argument; if woman be allowed to have an immortal ſoul, ſhe muſt have, as the employment of life, an underſtanding to improve. And when, to render the preſent ſtate more complete, though every thing proves it to be but a fraction of a mighty ſum, ſhe is incited by preſent gratification to forget her grand deſtination, Nature is counteracted, or ſhe was born only to procreate and rot. Or, granting brutes, of every deſcription, a ſoul, though